

FREEING BRITONS IN RUSSIA: MR. O'GRADY'S NEWS

The Daily Mirror

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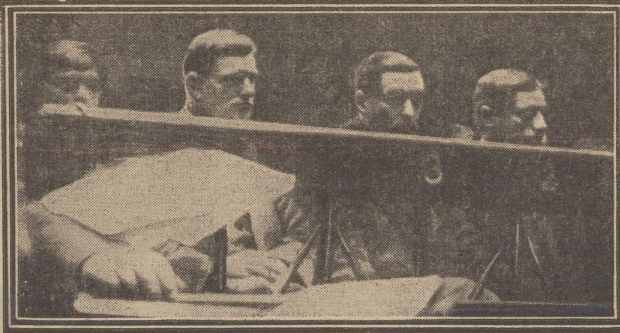
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One Penny.

COURT STORY OF VAN SUSPECTS.

'MYSTERY' SOLVED.



Detective-Sergeant Hawkins. Left to right: George Smith, William Lambert, Henry Thompson and William Thompson. At Marlborough-street, yesterday, Detective-Sergeant Hawkins related how he surprised a party of men engaged in an alleged raid on the cloth ware house of Messrs. Bass, Walker and Co., in Poland-street, W. The men seen above together with Arthur Stanley were charged in connection with the affair.



Sir Walter Harry Evans, one of the new baronets in yesterday's honours list, whose identity has so puzzled the Press that he was dubbed the "mystery baronet." He resides at Valehead, Whitwick, Wolverhampton, and has rendered valuable service in War Savings movement.

YESTERDAY'S INTERESTING WEDDINGS.

ARMED MAN DEFIED—



Mr. W. S. Bradley and Mrs. Graydon Stannus, married yesterday at St. Mathias, Earl's Court. It was the consummation of a romance that began in their school days. Mrs. Stannus married an Indian Army officer, who was killed in the war. Owing to ill health, she made a fortune as a dealer. Now her success is crowned.



Miss E. Vaness, the young girl messenger who impeded the armed man and summoned help with her whistle.



Major Sir Maurice A. Cameron, K.C.M.G., late R.E., with his bride (Miss Francis M. Perkins) leaving St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens, S.W., after their wedding yesterday. The bride is well known as a violinist and composer.

—BY PLUCKY P.O. GIRL CLERKS.



Miss Stidworthy of Hendon (left), at whom the intruder levelled his revolver. The three other portraits—



On Wednesday night a young man entered the Westbourne-grove Post Office and levelled a revolver at Miss D. Stidworthy, in charge of the counter. His demand for money was resisted by the plucky girls on duty, although he also drew a knife. Miss Vaness blew her whistle and the man decamped.

A 'YUNG SIENTIST'S' BRIGHT NEW IDEAS.

Boy's Naïve Account of Professor's Lecture.

TO SOOTHE FATHER.

"Vibrations" Explanation When "Daddy" Complains of Noise.

(Professor Bragg delivered a delightful lecture to children at the Royal Institution yesterday afternoon on "Sound and Music.")

The Lecture. By a Yung Scientist.

Professor Bragg is a very nice man with a pleasant smile and a twinkling eye. I wish he was our science master at school, he never gets ratty even when some silly kids upset some ticking powder and everybody looked fitfully indignant as they scratched their heads.

The lecture room is a spiffin place, and all the mysterious things and instruments of music fascinated us very much. And when Professor Bragg appeared punctual to the minute we all clapped our hands and cheered.

Well, I never knew sound was such a wonderful thing. At first I thought the lecture was going to be dry, but it was as interesting as a conjuring entertainment. Frinstance, everything has its own sound, even a sack of clothes or daddy's top hat, only we can't always hear it.

THIRTY TIMES A SECOND.

Professor Bragg said that if you move your arm up and down thirty times a second you will hear a low booming sound. I tried it, but could not succeed very well.

The sounds made by peeces of wood and bamboo were very funny. It is all these vibrations in the air. A big tuning fork had 500 vibrations a second.

When I made a noise at home and daddy is cross I shall explain to him that it is only vibrations he hears.

Smith minor who sat next to me said he would do the same but had doubts of success as his farther didn't care for science.

Well I was sorry it was over and I shall give a lecture on sound to the kids when I get back to school. I dare say my form master will come to get a few ideas. He is a bit down on me and the lecture may change his vus.

'NEW POOR'S' DANCE CLUB

Happy Hours from Which the 'New Rich' and Profiteers are Banned.

"We do not wish to have profiteers or 'new rich' people in our club," Mr. Geoffrey d'Egville, founder of a dance club for the 'new poor,' told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"The club has been opened with the object of enabling gentle people who possess the distinction of the good (or ill) fortune to belong to the 'new poor' spend happy evenings in pleasant surroundings and congenial society.

"Our headquarters are at the Suffolk Galleries, Pall Mall, and we have secured the ballroom for Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays."

L. DE ROUGE MONT AGAIN?

Aged Patient Refuses to Open Letters Addressed to Him in That Name.

There is an interesting patient at the London Homoeopathic Hospital.

He is an old, white-bearded man, and it is said that he is the famous Louis de Rougemont, who astonished the world in 1896 with his wonderful stories of adventures in the South Sea Islands and other places.

The resident medical officer stated in an interview yesterday that the old man was much opposed to publicity.

"All letters addressed to him in the name of Louis de Rougemont he refuses to open."

THEATRE STRIKE AVOIDED.

After sitting for nearly five hours yesterday at Garrick House, Little-street, a decision was reached between the National Association of Theatrical Employees and the Society of West End Theatre Managers.

An announcement was made that the National Association still considered the award of the arbitrator unfair, but will advise the committee to accept the managers' offer and to urge the members on Monday to endorse the same.

MILK DELIVERIES TWICE DAILY?

That the system of two milk deliveries a day should be resumed as soon as possible, and that milk churns should be sealed and a control sample taken from each, are two recommendations of the committee (of which Viscount Astor was chairman) which has issued an important report on the milk question.

THE FORUM CLUB'S MASQUE.

The Forum Club yesterday successfully presented "The Masque," a pageant of the varied activities of its 2,000 members. Journalism was represented by a woman member whose costume was covered with front pages of *The Daily Mirror*.

£500 A WEEK GIFTS

Charities Enriched by Miss Vesta Tilley's Farewell Tour.

HUSBAND TO BE M.P.?

Lady de Frece, formerly Miss Vesta Tilley, "The People's Idol," has definitely decided to give up her brilliant career on the variety stage at the end of her present tour. This tour will conclude at the London Coliseum about the middle of the year.

Lady de Frece told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that she should devote her time to public and social work.

During her present tour she has visited Liverpool, Newcastle, Sheffield, Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, and other large cities. At each she has subscribed large sums of money, never less than £500 per week, for the benefit of local charities.

Lady de Frece intends to establish an orphanage, to be called the "Vesta Tilley Orphanage," for the children of music-hall artists.

News of her charitable work has spread, and she receives many letters each day. One from Kalamazoo, Michigan (U.S.), was addressed:—

Mrs. Sir Walter de Frece,
Famous Impersonator,
London, England.

Sir Walter de Frece was knighted last June for his work in connection with the King's Fund for the Disabled. By his numerous appeals £1,000,000 was raised for the fund.

As Coalition Unionist candidate, Sir Walter is to contest the forthcoming by-election at Ashton-under-Lyne. Lady de Frece has declared that she will work night and day, if necessary, to secure her husband's return at the poll.

VILLAGE TO 'VARSITY.

Wonderful Career of Policeman's Son Who Gains Cambridge Scholarship.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The boy, John H. Iliffe, the police-sergeant's son, of Ilstock, who has just won a £500 scholarship at Cambridge University, goes up to Emmanuel College shortly, where eventually he hopes he may obtain a degree.

Iliffe when he was only twelve years of age sat for a £500 scholarship at Christ's Hospital, Surrey, and won it, but was afterwards informed that as he had not then been at the Bosworth Grammar School for two years he had not complied with the terms of the scholarship.

The lad entered Bosworth Grammar School with a Leicestershire County scholarship and has taken every examination at the school.

WIDOW'S ROMANCE.

Married to First Lover After Making Fortune in Business—£8,000 Order.

A war widow, Mrs. Graydon Stannus, who made a fortune in less than four years after being left without a "farthing in the world," added another chapter to her romantic career yesterday, when she was married at St. Mathias Church, Earl's Court, to Mr. W. S. Bradley, who is connected with a large firm of London brewers.

As children the bride and bridegroom attended the same school in Ireland.

When school days were over they drifted apart, and the girl eventually married Colonel Graydon Stannus. Her husband was killed in the early days of the war.

By purchasing rare specimens of Waterford glassware and finding new buyers she gradually built up her business.

Her latest consignment to two New York millionaires was valued at £8,000.

SINGING TO THE BOLSHIES.

Chaliapine, the famous Russian singer who in November was reported to have been murdered by the "Bols," is according to an Exchange message last night, drawing crowded houses at Petrograd. He is known as the "People's Singer," and the cost of a seat at one of his concerts is £37, but as all tickets are bought by speculators the real price is £50.

Chaliapine has been called the "world's greatest bass." On his appearance at Drury Lane in the season before the war he commanded a fee of £500 a night.

GENERAL'S DAUGHTER'S TRAGIC END

The death of a general's daughter was investigated by the Forest of Dean Coroner yesterday, when an inquest was held at Newland (Monmouth) on the body of Miss Edith Mary Gregorie, aged fifty-two.

In evidence it was stated that Miss Gregorie, who was the daughter of General Gregorie, of Wokingham (Berks), was seen to jump over a railway bridge. She fell 50ft. and was killed.

The coroner passed a verdict that Miss Gregorie "feloniously killed herself."

DEATH AFTER BALL

Tragedy of Officer Follows Festivities at Albert Hall.

TRIPPED ON STAIRS.

On returning from the Chelsea Arts Club New Year's Eve ball at the Royal Albert Hall in the early hours of yesterday morning, Captain Alexander Ian Mitchell, of 35, Berkeley-square, met with a tragic death.

Captain Mitchell had spent the evening at the Albert Hall with an old friend, Colonel Williams, and two ladies, Mrs. Mitchell having been prevented from attending owing to a recent bereavement.

On arriving at the house the party chatted for a few moments before the ladies retired, leaving Captain Mitchell and Colonel Williams together.

A few minutes later Captain Mitchell went downstairs and, owing to some cause which is not yet clear, but probably through tripping on the carpet, he fell to the bottom.

Medical aid could do nothing for him, his neck being broken.

Captain Mitchell was formerly an officer in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and when war broke out was on the Reserve of Officers. He saw service in Somaliland and in France, and was also for over a year stationed at Canterbury. He owned considerable estates in Scotland, especially in Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire. He was fifty years of age.

Many revellers after the Albert Hall Ball arrived early in the morning, a weary dragon unhooked his long green tail and tied it round his neck as he sat on the steps of the Albert Hall awaiting the arrival of his chariot.

"I'd like to begin all over again from the beginning," sighed a cowgirl ecstatically, joining a breakfast party that had encamped upon a heap of ruins which, in the earlier hours of the evening, had represented the God of Frightfulness—Hindenburg.

"DRY" WEDDING.

Police Give Mr. Pussyfoot a Victory Over Cupid's Celebrations.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MATLOCK, Thursday.
Mr. Pussyfoot won an unconscious victory at Matlock to-day, when the wedding of Miss Madge Mountney, daughter of the proprietor of a leading Matlock hotel, took place.

A reception at another hotel had been arranged, but the eighty guests were unpleasantly surprised by a police order that nothing intoxicating could be supplied to the best vintage and other wines had been provided—but the wedding was "dry."

THE BULL'S KISS.

How 'Billy' Rather Surprised a Nervous Welfare Officer.

"She held the board down with a fork while the other girl escaped." This brief announcement of a girl's exceptional courage is typical of many acts of bravery performed by members of the Land Army.

Perhaps the most notable illustration of woman's winning way with animals is afforded by Miss Starkey, of Buckingham, who had charge of valuable Frisian cattle. When a welfare officer visited her she called to a favour— "Bully," "Bully," come and kiss the lady," which the enormous animal did in its own particular manner, greatly to the surprise of the nervous welfare officer.

TENNIS STAR'S RISE.

Newboy Who Practised with Racket-like Shrimp Net Now a Champion.

One of the latest lawn tennis prodigies to come to the fore in America is Philip Neer, who is only eighteen years of age and who recently won the North-West Pacific singles at Tacoma.

Four years ago Neer was selling newspapers in the streets, but he was fond of lawn tennis and was discovered practising with a racket akin to a shrimp net.

Leading players took an interest in him and helped the then trail lad to overcome physical and financial difficulties. Neer is now a fine specimen of an athlete, and in addition to lawn tennis excels at boxing and baseball.

CALL FOR DUBLIN INQUIRY.

On the motion of the Lord Mayor of Dublin a resolution calling for a public serious inquiry into the deaths of Lawrence Kennedy and Lieutenant Boast—the victims of the Phoenix Park shooting tragedy—was passed yesterday by the Dublin Port and Docks Board.

EPSOM POLICE "BATTLE" AWARDS.

As a sequel to the attack on Epsom Police Station by some hundred Canadian bandits last Sunday, Constable Pawley and twenty-three sergeants and constables will each receive a gold watch or a gold chain in recognition of the bravery during the attack.

Lord Rosebery will make the presentations on January 14.

EXCITING HUNT FOR NEW BARONET.

"Who Is Evans?" Sets a Long, Long Trail.

"DAILY MIRROR" FIND.

"Who Is Evans?"

That was the question everybody was asking yesterday in Downing-street and in Fleet-street.

All the pother arose over the name of Mr. Walter Harry Evans in the honours list, wherein he figured as one of the new baronets. It was stated that the baronetcy was conferred in connection with "services in connection with the War Savings Committee."

The National (War) Savings Committee, however, intimated that the name was unknown to them.

The fun thereupon began. Journalists raided taxicabs and dashed round Government departments. A *Daily Mirror* correspondent joined in the chase. He went to all the numbers in Downing-street and badgered all the private secretaries he could find.

"Who is Evans?" he insisted. Evans? What Evans? Why, the Evans in the honours list, our representative replied. Good heavens, punned one of the private secretaries. He didn't know. Wished Evans had never been born. His morning had been spoiled answering the 'phone about Evans.

Why, he asked, should he be bothered about Evans? *The Daily Mirror* was prompt on the uptake. As representing the Government, the private secretary ought to know all about Evans.

"GIVE IT UP."

Well, *The Daily Mirror* could try So-and-So. So-and-So was a name mystified. So-and-So thereupon suggested another So-and-So. *The Daily Mirror* persisted, arguing that there must be an Evans and that he must have done something to get in the honours list. "Ring up So-and-So," he suggested. *The Daily Mirror* did so. So-and-So Number 11, really, the man who knew all about Evans, was away in Scotland. By stroke of luck *The Daily Mirror* eventually learned that the new baronet lived at Valehead, Whitewick, Wolverhampton.

Wolverhampton was promptly tackled and it was learned that Mr. Walter Harry Evans was none other than the man whose financial business methods; moreover, he had been, too, a keen War Savings campaigner.

"Evans all right, then!" rapped out *The Daily Mirror*.

It came the swift response. Thus was *The Daily Mirror* satisfied.

I found Wolverhampton's new baronet at home yesterday, wires *The Daily Mirror's* Wolverhampton correspondent, answering congratulations on the telephone when I called. His firm, he said, did a big trade with South Africa, India, South America and other parts.

Lady Evans was a Miss Dickinson, of Evesham, Salop, and, with her husband, has been a keen War Savings campaigner.

CAN YOU EAT AND SING?

Remarkable Performance of East End Children at Peace Carnival.

Can you eat an apple or, better still, a slice of cake and sing at the top of your voice?

The children of Bow, Bromley and Poplar can, and, to prove it, did so whilst waiting for their Peace Carnival to begin yesterday.

When the doors were opened a long line of happy children of all ages and sizes stood revealed, with half a dozen of the largest and most cheerful performers that the force could produce to keep them in order.

As the children entered they were provided with bags containing cakes and apples, after which they settled down to sing.

A Living Cracker.—At the Christmas party for children at East London Hospital a huge cracker was carried around. When it was broken by the pulling of many ribbons there emerged from it, to the great delight of the children, Father Christmas, who quickly disposed of the stocks of toys he carried. Gifts had been received from the Queen, Lady Haig and Lady Beatty.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Wind N., moderate or fresh, stronger locally at times; variable sky, snow or sleet showers locally; squally; cold.

The Thame: is now 4ft. above normal level near Shepperton.

A motor-car and a jewel are to be presented to Lady Lodge by Birmingham.

Two cases of spotted fever have been reported in Essex, both patients being ex-soldiers.

The Ministry of Agriculture was constituted yesterday from the Board of Agriculture. Tobacco brought £21,411,725 in duty at the port of Bristol in 1919—an increase of £6,000,000.

Nurseries and playrooms are provided in the ss. Namari, which left Southampton for Bombay yesterday with 150 soldiers' wives and 120 children.

"Fighting Bureaucracy."—Lord Rosebery in a message to the Board of Agriculture. "I wish you all success in combating the irritating and demoralising bureaucracy in 1920."

"MEN IN RUSSIA HOME IN A MONTH" MR. O'GRADY.

British Envoy's Welcome News to "Daily Mirror" Before Resuming Negotiations.

SEQUEL TO CONSULTATION WITH CABINET.

An important announcement on the Russian situation was made yesterday by Mr. O'Grady, M.P., to *The Daily Mirror* on the eve of his departure to resume negotiations with M. Litvinoff regarding the exchange of prisoners. His chief points were:—

I hope by the end of January to arrange for the homecoming of all our military prisoners in the hands of the Bolsheviks; also for the return of the British civilian colony at present in Soviet Russia.

My return home to consult our Government personally has helped materially to the success of the negotiation.

I have reasons which tempt me to prophesy that Russia will work out her own salvation. Denikin and Kolitchak are beaten and broken. Armed intervention will serve no purpose.

Mr. O'Grady regards Russia as a little child groping in the dark, and he adds: "Let us help her to grow up."

RUSSIA'S BIG FUTURE—"WILL SAVE HERSELF."

"Kolitchak and Denikin Beaten and Broken," Mr. O'Grady Says.

LITVINOFF'S CUNNING.

"I hope and believe that the negotiations which I have opened up on behalf of the British Government with M. Litvinoff are going to be successful, and I also believe that my return home to consult our Government here personally has helped materially to advance that purpose."

So said Mr. O'Grady, M.P., in an exclusive interview with *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. Mr. O'Grady has returned for a few days to England after his negotiations with Litvinoff, the representative of the Bolsheviks, on the question of the exchange of prisoners.

"I believe that Russia will rise again and regenerate herself out of her own resources," Mr. O'Grady said. "Those resources are beyond comprehension. The forests alone will pay all the debts incurred by the late Tsar's Government, by Kerensky's Government and by the Bolshevik Government."

"I believe myself that Russia is going to be the America of another New World."

"Here we have a vast country—practically at our doorsteps, full of the richest natural resources, and only waiting to be developed by colonists. It is at the moment an absolutely uncultivated desert in the world. Ninety per cent. of its population are illiterate, and the other 10 per cent. have proved themselves to be purely predatory."

Regarding his exchange of prisoners negotiations with M. Litvinoff, Mr. O'Grady said: "I found M. Litvinoff a man of very distinguished abilities, but profoundly suspicious of the good faith of the Allies."

"He is a Russian Jew, has lived the greater portion of his life in Western Europe, and has become acclimated to Western ideas and ideals. In this he is probably alone amongst those who are in the confidence of the Soviet Government."

"CUNNING," BUT SINCERE.

Mr. O'Grady on Litvinoff—British Prisoners Home in a Month?

"In our own homely phraseology we should probably describe him as cunning."

"One of his bitterest complaints during our negotiations was the assertion that the Allied Council sitting in Berlin had, when repatriating 250,000 Russian war prisoners from Germany, drafted them to Denikin's armies. He also refused to acknowledge Archangel Government as a Government. Litvinoff, the revolutionary, condemns Archangel as the centre of counter-revolution."

"That has been one of the points which has proved the stumbling block in our negotiations, but which I now believe is going to be satisfactorily settled."

"I have every reason to believe that by the end of this month I shall have arranged for the homecoming of all our military prisoners who are now in the hands of the Bolsheviks. And I also hope by that time that I shall have arranged for the return of the British civilian colony at present settled in Soviet Russia."

"Transport arrangements for the return of military prisoners and civilians have already been settled."

"In the meantime, on the eve of my departure for the renewal of negotiations, you ask me for an expression of opinion as to our policy in regard to the great country of Russia," Mr. O'Grady proceeded.

"My opinion is that Russia, like everything else in this world, will work out her own salvation if she is left alone. At the moment she is like a child groping in the dark, but she is growing up."

"The Soviet Government of the moment is far

more humanitarian, far saner, far more statesmanlike than it was a year ago.

"Atrocities, of course, are being committed by these Asiatic people on all sides, but I know that when the perpetrators of atrocities are brought before the judgment of the present Soviet Government they are summarily dealt with, or, in other words, exterminated."

"Murder, having regard to motive, is punishable by death; so is corruption if practised by Government officials. The third offence which is punishable by death is the sale of cocaine, which has become a horrible traffic in the country since it has been impossible to obtain liquor."

"These are the signs that tempt me to prophesy that Russia will save herself."

"Do not let us delude ourselves with hopes of military success on the part of Kolitchak and Denikin. Both these forces are broken and beaten."

"Do not let us imagine that sudden and dramatic intervention on the part of Japan will solve the problem of Bolshevism by destroying it. I tell you on the authority of long experience that a well-equipped army of five million men would be destroyed by the vastness of Russia if not by its various peoples."

"An army intervention cannot serve any purpose. The only hope that Russia has for the world is in education."

"We have got to wait a little time because these illiterate Asiatic people are at least 1,000 years behind us in civilisation. Let us help them to grow up quickly."

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT.

Arrives at Battle Creek to Find He Had Been Reported Dead.

Sir Horace Plunkett, who was reported by a news agency on Wednesday to have died at Battle Creek, Michigan, is alive and well, says Reuter, having just arrived at Battle Creek.

The report of his death, as Mark Twain said on a similar occasion, was "much exaggerated."

It is understood that Sir Horace is suffering from insomnia. He expects to return to New York next week to resume his work for Irish Home Rule. The news that Sir Horace was alive and well brought great relief to his numerous personal friends in Dublin.

SIX MILLION BRITISH TROOPS.

The following comparison of the combatant strength of the British and American Armies in 1918 illustrates the rapid growth of the U.S. Army in the later stages of the war:—

	British.	American.
March 1, 1918.	1,230,000	125,000
November 1, 1918.	1,164,750	1,190,000

In addition, there were 480,000 British combatant troops in other theatres of war. Altogether 6,000,000 men passed through the British Army.

TWO NEW YEAR TRAGEDIES.

Roused at midnight by factory and ship hooters and sirens, a labourer at Bedminster Down, Bristol, left his bed and went downstairs. In the morning he was found in the garden with his throat cut and a razor beside him.

A woman visitor named Weldon was found dead at her apartments in Great Yarmouth yesterday evening.

By her side were empty chlorodyne bottles and a letter in which she had written that she was "fed up" with life. It is believed she came from London.



Mr. J. O'Grady, M.P.

STORY OF "MONEY OR I FIRE" THREAT TO GIRL.

Clerk's Account of Revolver Ordeal at Post Office.

A New Year's Eve attempt by an armed man to "hold up" a branch post office in London was thwarted by a number of girls at the Westbourne-grove Post Office.

In spite of the fact that the man was said to have been armed with a revolver, which he threatened to fire, and drew out a knife, which he said he would use, the girls in charge of the office not only refused to hand over the money, but, after delying him, raised an alarm which caused the man to bolt.

Miss Stidworthy, one of their number, describing the incident, said: "Shortly after 7.30 p.m., a man entered the post office, closed the door behind him and approached me with a revolver in his hand, saying, 'Hand over the money or I fire!'"

"Suddenly," she continued, "he drew out a knife and threatened me with it, when Miss Mann, another of the assistants, shouted for help, and Miss Vaneess, a young girl of about sixteen or seventeen, employed here as a messenger, blew a loud blast on her whistle."

"Then the man turned on his heel and ran out, and, as he did so, he collided with a woman who was going out for help and a page boy who was coming in."

This said, *The Daily Mirror* learned last night, had sequel when a fourteen-year-old boy who gave himself up to the police was stated to have confessed he was concerned in the affair.

The lad will appear at the Juvenile Police Court this morning.

THE KING'S WISH FOR 1920.

Confident That All Classes Will Unite to Reap Full Benefits of Peace.

As a motto for 1920, the whole of Great Britain might well adopt the King's New Year message telegraphed to the Lord Provost of Glasgow yesterday.

"After thanking the citizens of Glasgow for their loyal assurances, the message continues:— 'I feel confident that all classes in Glasgow who responded so splendidly to the call of service in war will not be backward in uniting to reap the full benefits of peace.'"

From Our Own Correspondent.

WINDSOR, Thursday. The King has given a New Year's gift of a hundred-weight and a half of coal to 733 residents of Windsor and Clewer who are over sixty years of age.

PARIS IN DANGER.

Seine and Marne in High Flood—People Driven from Their Homes.

PARIS, Thursday.

There are going to be floods in Paris. Many houses already have a considerable depth of water in the cellars and have had to be evacuated.

The Seine itself is a roaring torrent of yellow water. The colour comes from the Marne, along the banks of which many towns are flooded.

The inhabitants of Bry-sur-Marne have been forced to leave their houses, and also the people of Perceux, where the authorities have placed a large building at their disposal.—Reuter.

ILLNESS OF LADY JELICOE.

Newport (Rhode Island), Thursday.

Admiral Sims to-day received a telegram from Lord Jellicoe stating that owing to the sudden illness of Lady Jellicoe, the British admiral and his wife will not be able to be present at Admiral Sims' New Year's reception.—Exchange.

£3 A WEEK STRIKE OFFER.

The directors of the Pearl Assurance Company will consider to-day the offer from the Board of Trade to arbitrate in the strike of agents of the company. The agents' union are willing to negotiate with the company or to go to arbitration on the £3 a week wages claim.

REAL FOX-TERRIERS.

Mr. W. G. Cox, of Bristol, has a wonderful natural history curiosity in the shape of a litter of three puppies, the mother of which was a fox-terrier and the father a fox. The puppies exhibit several characteristics of the fox.

WHY VISCOUNT GREY DID NOT SEE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Wilson's Doctors Fear Effects of Excitement.

"MIGHT BE FATAL."

From Our Own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Thursday.

So many stories have been in circulation concerning Viscount Grey's inability to obtain an audience of President Wilson that it may be well to state the real reason.

It is due to the peculiar nature of the President's illness. He is suffering from the hardening of the arteries of the body, especially of the head, and is ordered to keep completely at rest.

Any form of excitement, so the doctors feared, might cause such a blood pressure as to rupture some of the vessels, bringing on hemorrhage which might have ended fatally.

On the other hand, if the patient is kept perfectly quiet, he may live for a long time.

It is because it is imperative that he should not be subjected to the slightest form of excitement that the distinguished patient has not been permitted to see Viscount Grey.

It also accounts for the extremely limited number of interviews he has given to his own Ministers.

WOULD NOT DELEGATE WORK.

The President's most intimate friends have always regretted that he does not delegate more work to other men.

He is naturally of a reserved and secretive disposition, and, in the words of a member of his household, "carries the cloistered life into the tumult of political affairs."

Meanwhile every precaution that may tend to restore the patient to his former health is being rigidly observed by his medical advisers.

'REDS' NEW THREAT TO WORLD.

"Soviets Authority in London, Paris, Washington and Berlin."

"Under the mighty blows of the 'Red' Army the horde of Tsarist generals has melted away."

"With Red Standards and a shout of victory we shall break into the new year of 1920."

In 1920 we shall attain a victorious end to the civil war.

"There will be Soviets in Berlin, Washington, Paris and London. Soviet authority will be throughout the whole world."

This says the Wireless Press, is the New Year message from the Bolsheviks sent out by wireless from Moscow.

Meanwhile Bolshevik propaganda, *The Daily Mirror* learns, is increasing in intensity on the Asiatic side, and all evidence goes to show that Lenin entertains far-reaching anti-British designs in Central Asia.

SERB REGENT'S PERIL.

Plot to Assassinate Prince Alexander—Arrest of Montenegrin at Cannes.

CANNES, Thursday.

The police here have been buying themselves as it appears with a plot against the Prince Regent Alexander of Serbia.

In spite of the mystery in which the case is enshrouded, it may be stated that at the time of the recent stay of H. H. Royal Highness in Cannes a Montenegrin subject, aged twenty-eight, was reported to have set out from Rome with the intention of assassinating the Prince. The man was arrested on his arrival here and was detained in custody to answer various charges.—Reuter.

BOY "GLADIATORS."

Protest Against Public School Sports as Entertainment for the People.

A resolution was passed yesterday at the conference of the Association of Headmasters regretting the revival of school championship competitions, and the exploiting of school activities for public entertainment.

Mr. R. F. Cholmeley said he did not attack the Eton and Harrow match or Henley, but the British public. There was no branch of sport which amused the public to which public schools were not invited to make a contribution.

The more they believed in games and amusements as an integral part of education, the more they ought to protest against the public regarding itself as justified in amusing itself over that side of education.

OPERATION IN THE STRAND.

An operation was recently performed in the Strand, the patient being obscured by a tarpaulin.

It was a bloodless operation, the right hand of the statue of Queen Victoria at Temple Bar, which had been knocked off during the Peace celebrations, being restored in a speedy and skilful manner.

MEN WHO FEAR LEAP YEAR PROPOSALS.

WHAT IS THE KINDEST WAY OF REFUSING?

By A BACHELOR.

Our contributor discusses the Leap Year custom from the masculine point of view, and comes to the conclusion that it is one dreamed by many of his sex.

THE Leap Year custom which gives the right to a woman to propose is treated as one of our national jokes I know, but as a matter of fact it is far from a joke to many men.

This year, the first Leap Year of woman's emancipation, is likely to prove even more trying than have past ones, for never in history have the sexes been on terms of greater equality than they are to-day.

Yet though we may grant woman her full charter of rights, there are few men who do not shrink from the prospect of a woman exercising the time-honoured male privilege of offering marriage.

For what can a man do if a woman asks him to marry her? For my own part, I think I should run away.

It would be such a cruel situation. One could never face the woman again after having said "No." Women admit how terribly hard it is to refuse a man, but where the position is reversed the hardship is a hundred times intensified.

HOPELESS TO REASON.

Even were the man in love with the woman I think her action would disillusion him and also prove a terrible blow to his pride.

I have often wondered what would be the kindest thing to do in such circumstances. I suppose one would have to lie and lie wholeheartedly.

You would have to admit to another attachment, to being passionately in love with some other woman. Perhaps a simple way out would be to say that you were already married secretly, or that your wife had deserted you, or was an incurable invalid who might live for years.

It would be hopeless to start reasoning. To try to explain to a woman who had just asked you to marry her that you would not because you did not love her would be far beyond the powers of any normal man.

To talk of incompatibility of temperament would be equally fatal. She would deny it. There would be a scene. It would be too awful to have a weeping woman beseeching you to try to learn to love her, to listen to her offering a life's devotion, saying that whatever you said it would make no difference, she would be true till death.

Yet that is what men are supposed to do when they are rejected if we are to believe the novelists and playwrights.

ONE CAUSE OF UNHAPPY MATCHES.

If the proposal were made by letter the task would be less inhuman. It is easy to write things which it is impossible to say. Or if by telephone—women are very modern in their ideas—one could at least ring off suddenly and break the instrument. That would give a few hours for thought as to the way out.

But however the proposal might come it would be trying in the extreme, and though the world may laugh and speak lightly of it, the dread of such a possibility is at the back of many a man's mind.

Women do fall in love with men who do not return the passion, and those men know it. That in itself is bad enough. The Leap Year custom adds an additional anxiety.

And every man feels that any woman who would propose to him would be actuated by the most sincere feelings. The adventuresome anxious to marry a young man or an old man for his money would never do it. She would be too worldly wise; she would force the proposal from the man's lips by some means or another.

It is useless to say that in these days of equal rights and competition between the sexes a man need not fear to receive a proposal, or that the woman who proposes must be prepared for a rebuff and that man need not worry unduly about sparing her feelings. We have not reached that condition of things yet, and the ordinary, decent man would rather face almost any ordeal than that of having to refuse.

I am sure that in many cases where women have proposed men have accepted simply because they hadn't the heart to say anything else.

And one can imagine that a marriage begun in such circumstances is not likely to prove a success.

THE DRAWBACKS OF BEING TOO NATURAL

PEOPLE WHO GLORY IN THEIR BAD BEHAVIOUR.

By ALFRED EDEY.

"I AM bringing up my children to be natural," said a fond mother proudly. The sentiment sounds excellent. But is it?

Most of us know mothers who bring up their offspring on this plan—or lack of plan—and very objectionable, as a rule, the children are. There is a great deal of nonsense talked and written about being natural. It is not necessarily by any means a virtue.

The hot-tempered person who flies into a rage on the smallest provocation often appears rather proud of the fact. "I can't help it," he says, "all my family are quick-tempered. But it is soon over and, thank heaven, I'm not sulky. I can't bear sulky people." He does not care how much his outbursts upset others. He thinks he has a right to be hot-tempered because it is natural to him.

The blunt person who prides himself on always speaking his mind is another objectionable type. "There is no nonsense about me. I say what I think, and don't care a hang whether people like it or not." Rudeness comes naturally to him.

Of the same kind is the candid friend or relation who feels it his duty to blurt out unpleasant home truths at the most inconvenient moments. When anyone prefaces his remark with: "If you want my candid opinion—" or "To tell you the truth, I think—" you know that something un-

pleasant is coming. He is going to indulge his "nature" at your or somebody else's expense.

Possessors or supposed possessors of what is called "the artistic temperament" are always allowed to be "natural."

Excuses are made for them, whatever they do. If they are untidy, unpunctual, boorish in speech, slovenly in habits, people only say: "Oh, well, of course, they can't help it. They are so artistic." Thus they are allowed to give full vent to their natures.

Now, of course, people often speak of others as being "natural" when what they really mean is that they are not affected nor artificial.

When a girl says of another: "I like her. She is so natural"—she intends to pay a compliment, signifying that the object of her admiration does not put on "frills" or "side" or give herself "airs and graces."

But the assumption of what is called a natural manner either in life or on the stage is, as a rule, the product of elaborate cultivation. It is a high art. The people who pass as "natural" in this complimentary sense are generally those who have schooled and disciplined themselves in the amenities of life, who have learnt to control their feelings or the outward manifestation of the unpleasant side of them.

They may have all sorts of undesirable traits hidden out of sight. But they do not display them. They are easy in social intercourse and easy to get on with. They have an air of frankness and bonhomie, excellent manners, and they pass amongst their friends as charming and "natural."



NEW YEAR REVELS.—Guests waiting on a merry party of the servants (come in fancy dress) at the New Year's Eve ball at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden.

SHALL I WEAR MY 'BRITISH WARM' AGAIN?

A COMFORTABLE GARMENT IN AN EAST WIND.

By RICHARD WARD.

JOHANNA said that a man who deliberately went forth from his home on a chilly morning minus an overcoat was courting at least a bout of influenza, but that a man who shivered when a perfectly beautiful British warm was hanging in his hall cupboard was a fool.

It isn't that I don't possess an overcoat, but, alas! that grey vision of sartorial splendour is hanging in a Highland hotel, and even a man far removed from foolishness cannot wear in London an overcoat he has left in Scotland.

For a new overcoat to meet the cold spell my tailor wished to relieve me of nine guineas. Considering that the parcel from Scotland was bound to arrive soon, I decided that he should do no such thing. Unfortunately I sneezed several times after taking that decision, hence Johanna's ire. "It's perfectly ridiculous," she cried, "when everybody knows that demobilised officers have full permission to wear out their overcoats in civilian life. Why don't you use your British warm? I'm sure you look very nice in it."

"It's khaki—it's too short for a civilian overcoat—the fellows will think I'm swanking," I said lamely.

After she had argued for half an hour I capitulated so far as to try on my old friend of Army days. It certainly was comfortable.

Then Johanna found in cold print a delightful clench to her arguments.

A fully-blown "knut" had appeared at the portals of a famous dancing hall with all his glory wrapped up in a British warm. And it wasn't even dyed.

"If a man can wear it over evening dress,"

said Johanna, "you certainly can go to the office in it."

So I sallied forth in my British warm next day, and certainly faced an east wind with more confidence.

Two prosperous members of my own sex, who wore overcoats that do not go in trenches, eyed me pityingly. I knew exactly what they were thinking. No doubt they said, "Poor fellow!" when I had passed.

I didn't care. After all, I had a grey overcoat up in Scotland, and it would come home some day.

A flapper sniggered as she noted my soft felt hat, which didn't go with the khaki colour scheme. Two "Tommies" tittered and murmured, "Swank!" as I passed.

A major, still serving, eyed me with a cold and glassy eye.

I had a horrible feeling that somehow I was lowering the prestige of the British Army—spite of the permission that had been quoted to me.

Johanna met me in the evening, as we had arranged, and Johanna had many small parcels.

"I'm so glad you're wearing your British warm," she said. "Those nice, big pockets will take all my shopping."

She proceeded forthwith to form two panners upon my hips.

My thoughts ran upon ulterior motives. But an east wind still blowing dispersed such thoughts. A British warm can be put to a multitude of uses. I decided to continue wearing mine—at least until the grey overcoat arrived from Scotland.

Since I took that decision Thomson, over the way, has sallied forth in his British warm, and I have counted a dozen within an hour.

I feel something of a pioneer, except for that knut. Johanna is right—a man is a fool who shivers when he possesses a British warm.

NEW YEAR PARTIES.

OUR YOUNG READERS APPROVE OF MODERN DANCING.

EASY TO LEARN.

WHAT'S all this fuss about the waltz? It was difficult to learn and simply consisted in buzzing round and round like a top—a slow top.

Nowadays we hardly have to take lessons. My sisters taught me most of the new steps the week before Christmas.

Now I'm an expert and am going to dances nearly every night. ETONIAN.

TOO LONG.

SINCE your readers are criticising the modern dances and parties, may I plead that the latter should begin earlier and end before midnight?

Some of us still like to go out with our girls to a dance, though chaperons are supposed to have died out. And there we have to sit, hour after hour, till four in the morning. It is too long. T. L. L.

"THE WAY GIRLS GO ON."

WOULD we let our girls be escorted home by young men they hardly know? My girl goes to dances a great deal at this time of the year.

The other night, I heard—no from her—that she had been to three in one evening.

A young man she met at one had taken her on to two others.

In neither of the two cases did I know either host or hostess.

Really, one hardly knows what to do with one's girls in these times. They throw over all conventions and laugh at one if one objects. HER MOTHER.

THE BEST PANTOMIME.

WITH regard to your leading article on "Christmas plays," surely there are others of our accepted pantomime legends which might be transfigured—like the "Forty Thieves" into "Chu Chin Chow"—the tale of a thousand-and-more-nights of capacity business?

There are few more human yarns than London's own "Dick Whittington."

Chu-Chin-Chowtonise Dick with a good, sensible romantic play setting, and he who does it properly should be able either to run his play for two or three years on end or pop it up again, like "Peter Pan," every Christmas. R. B.

SAVE DARTMOOR!

THE best wishes of all lovers of nature will be earned by your appeal to save Dartmoor from becoming an industrial centre.

Those of our city workers who have seen the moors in their glory and have found there peace and quietness (so difficult to find) can fully appreciate what this proposed defacement will mean.

I trust your efforts will meet with success in trying to save these beautiful spaces for the benefit of the public. D.

HOUSE PREMIUMS.

WE all want houses and none of us want to pay the premiums.

But your readers seem to forget that we all have to pay premiums in moving.

Therefore we all have to ask them. We get our money back in that way. F. M.

Earl's Court, S.W.

MAKING MERRY.

WHY does "Sober Christian" think it necessary to get up artificial merriment at a certain time of the year?

Why should having to pay one's bills and be dunned for tips on a pouring wet day be cause for merriment?

No wonder that merriment has to be artificially produced by drink.

"MERRY" CHRISTMAS!

SHORTER LETTERS.

Clean—Shaven. Why have young men changed? It used to be their ambition to coax a moustache into being. I remember trying to make mine grow. My eldest boy shaves his off as soon as it appears.—MIDDLE-AGED.

Pantomimes.—If I had my way the pantomimes would leave out the principal boy. She's a bore and the funny uncles are better.—SCHOOL-BOY.

Good Resolutions.—One excellent New Year resolution would be not to wake up your neighbours at night by screaming to welcome the New Year.—SLEEPER.

Faithful Woman?—Considering the number of women who, having been left widows by the war, have already remarried, I fail to see how anyone can say that women are more faithful in love than men. Everybody knows also that there are far more widows remarry than do widowers—another proof of woman's "faithfulness"—CONSTANCY.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 1.—Even at this dull season of the year useful work may be done in the garden during a favourable spell of weather. Rambler roses and most other hardy climbers can be pruned and trained. Spread lime over ground that for many years has been heavily manured. Much good will result from this dressing.

Cover the soil round rhododendrons and azaleas with a few inches of peat or decayed leaf-mould. Dress lawns with a mixture of sandy loam, garden ashes and manure; if this is swept about several times during the winter most of it will be washed into the ground. E. F. E.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1920.

WOMAN'S YEAR.

LEAP Year is supposed to give woman her open chance of "proposing"—of proposing marriage, of course, since that was once held (by men) to be the one thing women want to propose.

The ancient privilege is obsolete.

We are assured that the woman of 1920 will not openly exercise it. What she will do is simply what she has always done. She will, where necessary, *dispose*—she will dispose the right man to propose, in the old way, to her.

But, in other than matrimonial matters, this advancing woman prefers disposal to proposal.

She has political power. She will think of other things than marriage; and in the world of great affairs, more than in the sphere of private sentiment, it will be a Woman's Year.

The men know it, and, in their clumsier way, they are doing their best to bring the women over to their side.

Take Mr. Robert Williams' revealing article in the New Year number of the *English Review*.

Briefly, it amounts to a plea for unity and solidarity and amalgamation amongst Trade Unions. Wisely, it laments the policy of constant sectional strikes. Not so wisely, it deprecates the past influence of women in politics—in these rather scornful terms:—

The recent electoral changes have placed millions of women upon the Register who lack even that semblance of political education and training possessed by men-folk.

In other words, Mr. Williams fears the women may be against his ideas. And, though the men are so much cleverer, he admits, a page or two earlier, that they give in to their women, or at least cannot influence them politically:—

What many critics of the Labour Movement fail to realise is that a highly intelligent, virile and "audacious" proletarian vote may at any time be cancelled out by the ultra-conservative outlook of his own mother, or, perchance, his wife.

Evidently Mr. Williams begins to regret that women have the vote.

But, if it be true that women have used and will use their influence "against economic and industrial association"—and it is only very partially exact—their hostility may have been due, and will be due again, to that very policy of incessant strikes from which the women suffer so intensely amongst the working classes.

"Rather abortive strikes"—so Mr. Williams characterises them—"which are productive of no immediate and effective results." He sees it himself. Why should not the women see it, since they have to carry on through these strikes, without the satisfaction of directing them and pow-wowing about them in the secret conclaves of the Unions?

No doubt Mr. Williams only regrets the futility of the lesser strike because—after amalgamation—he envisages a greater revolutionary super-strike. But he ought not to be vexed if the women object on other grounds than his; while they agree with him as to the danger of the strike-all-the-time policy.

If, in this year and coming years women prefer, in Mr. Williams' words, "to employ their energy rather as architects and designers than as advocates of the negation of policy of ceasing work"—shall we call them "ultra-conservative"? Rather we shall welcome their life-giving intervention in proposal and disposal. We shall thank them for freeing us from sectional bitterness and from the intolerance which calls the other side's belief mere "lack of education and training."

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

May the bellfries of all Christendom roll out the unbroken song of "Peace on Earth, Good will to Men."—*Longfellow*.



Lady Edgar, whose husband the banker, has been made a baronet.



Mrs. Soames, daughter of Lady Constance Coombes, and wife of Major Soames.

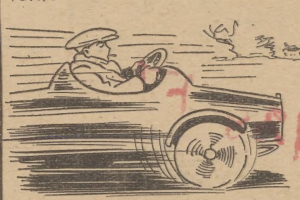
TURKS' TROUBLES.

Baronetcy for a Noted Sportsman—Well-known Society People in "Homespun."

EMPHATIC STATEMENTS ARE BEING MADE about the future of Constantinople, but no absolutely final decision has yet been made. I have good reason for stating that the fate of the Turkish capital will remain uncertain

MODERN YOUTH AND "SELF-EXPRESSION" IN DANCING.

CAN YOU EXPECT THE YOUTH WHO GOES FORTY MILES AN HOUR IN A CAR —



—WHO HAS CRASHED IN AN AEROPLANE —



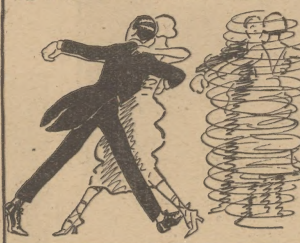
—AND EXPERIENCED THE RACKET OF MODERN WARFARE —



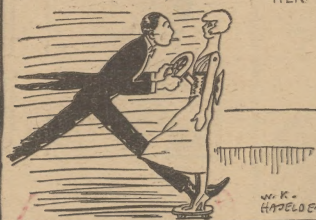
— TO FIND SELF-EXPRESSION IN THIS SORT OF DANCING ?



HE LIKES SOMETHING LESS QUIET



ACTUALLY HE WOULD PREFER A DUMMY PARTNER BECAUSE HE COULD GET MORE SPEED OUT OF "HER" !



There is much talk, amongst the would-be folk dance revivalists, about the need for "self-expression" in dancing. But isn't that just what the jazz does for the modern youth?—(By W. K. Haselden.)

until the Conference reopens in Paris next week.

Probably They Are.

Yet the latest information leads me to believe that in all probability Turkish sovereignty in Europe will be extinguished, unless there is some eleventh-hour revulsion of feeling. On the other hand, it is quite possible that the terms given to Turkey in Asia Minor may be more generous than was at one time expected.

Denikin's Fate.

There is considerable despondency in official circles about the latest blow to Denikin's forces, and it is feared that he will not be able to rally again from the crushing reverse he has sustained. Kolchak's prospects are regarded as almost hopeless, and the situation in Central Siberia is described as chaotic.

Back Again.

Mr. Lloyd George is expected back in Downing-street to-morrow night. He is anxious to be off to Paris, where he will probably remain longer than was at first expected.

chairmen of county associations have asked for an allowance for the men when they have a day off for drill, but that is scarcely likely to eventuate.

Composer Weds.

Sir Hamo Thornycroft, the famous sculptor, gave Miss Frances Perkins away when she married Sir Maurice Cameron yesterday at St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens, while General Ruck, R.E., was best man. The bride, who is well known as a violinist and composer, wore a dove-grey velvet gown and hat to match. Sir Buchanan and Lady Scott and Lady Thornycroft were among many distinguished people who were at the wedding.

After the Dance.

London was just a little sleepy-eyed yesterday morning. It had been a night of revelry for nearly everybody. A young woman told me with a triumphant smile that she had, after dining, gone to four dance-and-supper clubs, whirling from one to the other in a taxi. Other people contented themselves with a New Year's party at the old homestead.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

A Candidate.

I hear Sir Robert Matthias spoken of as a likely man to stand on the Coalition platform when the by-election in the Wrekin Division comes along. He represented Cheltenham. Mr. Charles Duncan, also an ex-M.P., is the probable Labour candidate.

The "Terriers."

Recruiting for the Territorials will begin next month, and Mr. Winston Churchill is still working on the conditions of service. It is mooted that the new "Terriers" may have to go on foreign service if they are needed.

More Time.

Employers are to be asked to give more time off to Territorials in order that they may have leisure for their training. Forty evening drills a year are not enough. The

A Sportsman.

Racing men all over the world will be glad of the baronetcy for Sir James Buchanan. He has owned some of the most notable winners ever foaled, including Black Sand, Golden Measure, Sardodon and the unbeaten Hurry On. Very dear to his heart is his breeding establishment at Lavington.



Sir James Buchanan.

Nelson's Log.

Sir James is lavish in his donations to charities, though he would blush to find it fame. However, everybody knows that last summer he paid £5,000 for the log-book of the Victory, which he gave to this nation "as a tribute to the Navy of to-day."

At the Ball.

I thought the New Year's revel at the Albert Hall easily outshone those that went before. The gaiety seemed more spontaneous. I liked the costumes representing Mr. George Belcher's famous types. Among the merry party with Lord Louis Mountbatten I noticed the Earl and Countess of Medina, Count Michael Torby, Lady Loughborough and Lady Mainwaring.

Stage Jazzers.

Stage land, as usual, was well represented, and the Duke of Manchester entertained Mr. Laurillard, Miss Adrah Fair, Miss Phyllis Monkman, Miss Fay Compton, Mr. Ivor Novello, Miss Winifred Barnes and others in his box. The Hon. Maurice Brett, with his wife and Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Winnie Melville, Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Melville Gideon were among the gay "jazzers."

The Limit.

The most absent-minded man I heard of yesterday was one who dated a letter "January 1, 1919." Then, realising his mistake, he carefully and painstakingly scratched out the number of the year and triumphantly wrote in—1919 again.

An Airman's Diary.

For 1920 the airman must have his special diary. One which I noticed the other day is called the "Aircro" Diary, and contains a lot of information intended to be specially useful to the flying man. This includes a map of air routes.

No Publicity.

Unlike most stage folk, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who reappears on the London stage on Monday, has a horror of "interviews." Some time ago she astonished a young scribe who had asked to be received with the reply: "Being interviewed always makes me so angry that I make it a rule not to be."

The Spinners' Return.

Lady Buchanan Jardine, Lady Pritchard-Jones and the Hon. Mrs. Murray and Lord Askwith are some of the distinguished people who take an active interest in home industries, especially in the revival of homespun



Miss Edith Delany in "Who's Who?" at the Adelphi Theatre.



Mr. William Stock in "Once Upon a Time" at the St. Martin's.

cloth. You can see society women buying homespun material in a shop near Victoria Station for their tailors to make up into gowns. The cloth is spun by women in various parts of the country.

Leap Year.

A bachelor friend was happy in the impression that women were only allowed to propose on February 29. When I firmly told him that the privilege held good for all the 366 days of Leap Year his face was a study in mixed emotions.

THE RAMBLER.

BOXER AND WIFE.



It is reported that Jimmy Wilde is to give up his American tour, which has proved a great success, and return to England. The photograph shows Jimmy Wilde with his wife in New York.

LEAVING FRANCE.



Members of the Chinese Labour Corps who have been serving in France are seen leaving for their native land on a transport, after demobilisation.



TO WED.—Miss Millicent Francis Clark, whose marriage to Mr. Gilbert Kenneth Marshall is announced to take place on January 11.



EXIT THE WAACS.—The Queen Mary's Waacs celebrated their final demobilisation at the Connaught Club by giving a pierrot entertainment. A "parasol" song.



FIANCE.—Mr. G. K. Marshall, who is to marry Miss Millicent F. Clark. The wedding will take place on January 11.



GAS SAVING DEVICE.—A gas saving invention, invented by Mrs. Spurin, of Pinsbury Park, consists of a device attached to gas stoves and gas rings. When a kettle is put on the gas ring the gas is turned full on.

FLOODED DISTRICTS IN



This is not Berlin, but Cologne. It is the first time the city has been flooded since 1887.



The floods round Peterborough, showing the cathedral in the background. Hundreds of acres have been submerged.



TURBAN.—This charming and snug turban is fashioned in blue and silver brocade joining the crown, and with an upturned brim of seal. A large feather ornament is placed tastefully at the back.



BILLIARDS.—Mr. Sidney H. Norton, a brilliant young billiard player, who has entered for the new year championship and played his first round match.



DECLINED.—Mr. Sydney Walton, who declined a knighthood on ground that it was an honour to be able to serve the State in war time.



A LAST GOOD-BYE.—A large party Waterlop yesterday morning for So India, where the woman

ENGLAND—AND ABROAD.

"BILLS WASHED HERE."

CARRIED THE KING.



The rain has lately so swollen the River Yare, in Norfolk, that it has overflowed its banks in many places.



In this low-lying district the floods are very extensive. Hundreds of houses have been flooded.



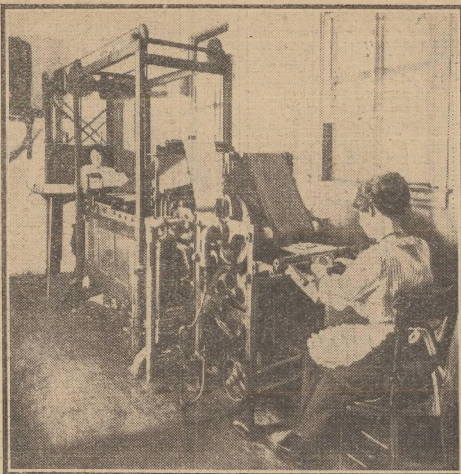
Wives and children of soldiers left Hampton to embark on the Manari for will rejoin their husbands.



FOR LONDON. — Signor Critchley Italian Prime Minister, who, it is stated in the Times, will leave Rome on the 10th inst.



ESCAPED. — The Russian Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch has escaped from the Bolsheviks at Perm and has arrived at Irkutsk.



The Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington possesses a laundry where the American "greenback" is periodically sent to be washed and ironed.



PLUCKY GIRL. — Miss Vaness, the telegraph messenger who, when an armed man tried to "hold up" the Westbourne-grove Post Office, placed herself in his way.



LEAD. — Miss Betty Balfour, who is to play the leading part in Mr. Bernard Shaw's new production at the Alhambra next month.



BOY HERO. — Stanley Russell, fourteen, who dived into the sea to rescue a child, the "Globe" Island of Wight, the boy brought the child to land.



BANNED CARDS. — Card playing appears to be following in the wake of drinking in the United States. The American soldiers, before their discharge from Merritt Camp, handed over their playing cards to Mr. George Davis, who burnt them.



Police-Constable Walker, who carried the King in his arms to receive medical attention on the occasion when his Majesty met with his accident in France while hiding from an inspection of troops.



"COLLARS AND CUFFS." — Fashion showing collar and cuffs set of white organdie with fluted ruffle of handkerchief linen and hat of taupe velvet with beaded embroidered ornament in various colours.

GORRINGS WINTER SALE

Commences MONDAY NEXT, JANUARY 5th.
Generous Reductions in all Depts.



C. 'BETTY'.
Usual Price
£7 10 6
SALE
PRICE
£5:15:6



MODEL 52.—Very popular Gussie for average figures in Gussie, medium low bust and skirt, top finished gown embroidery, 4 lace suspenders. Sizes 20 to 30, 16/11. Sale Price 13/11

Also MODEL 28.—Specially for full figures, high bust. Sizes 22 to 36. Usual prices 36 6 and 42. Sale Price 21/-

Several Models in most sizes will be marked down to HALF PRICE

C. 'BETTY'.—Type of a stock of Absolutely fresh Evening Gowns, made on most up-to-date lines, at greatly reduced prices. "Betty" is a dainty dance frock, designed in a dual coloured combination of Crepe de Chine and Georgette. The long tunic of Georgette decorated with tiny rosebuds falls over a lining of Crepe de Chine of a contrasting shade. Original price £7 10 6. Sale Price £5:15:6

Stocked in Night Blue velvet test, copper velling, flame, &c.



"FIFE".—An attractive Coat in warm plain cloth, with a very nice collar of Shantung Onosum. Good style, without being in any way extreme, thereby selling almost any figure. Colours—Navy or Dark Mole. Usual price £8 8 0. Sale Price £7:7:0

"FIFE". Usual Price £8 8 0 SALE PRICE £7:7:0

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Extraordinary Bargains in Newest
DRESS FABRICS and SILKS at

COZENS GREAT WINTER SALE MONDAY NEXT, JANUARY 5TH

IN view of the great scarcity of all Dress Fabrics and the prevailing high prices the following low-price offers of sound quality stylish goods are certain to meet with prompt appreciation. To avoid disappointment ladies should call personally, or send their orders as early as possible.

ALL ORDERS TAKEN IN ROTATION.

DRESS BARGAINS.

MELTON CLOTH.—Excellent quality, suitable for Costumes, Skirts and Children's Frocks. In Navy, Brown, Saxe and Wine. 48in. wide. Worth 2/- the yard.

SALE PRICE 1/6 1/2

CHECK SUITING.—Exceptional offer of smart small check design Suits in Brown and White, also Navy and White. 36in. wide. To-day's value 2/11 the yard.

SALE PRICE 2/-

WOOL COATING.—Wonderful Value in All Wool Serge Coating of excellent quality and soft cosy finish. In Amethyst, Saxe, Vieux Rose, Bottle and Wine. To-day's value 12/11 the yard.

SALE PRICE 8/6

GABERDINE.—A few pieces of fine quality Costume Gaberdine in Navy and Black. 36in. wide. To-day's value 12/11 the yard.

SALE PRICE 8/11

SILK BARGAINS.

SATIN PAILLETTE.—Rich, soft finish Satin Paillette for Blouses and Gowns. Black only. 36in. wide. To-day's value 6/11 the yard.

SALE PRICE 6/11

FRENCH PONGEE SILK.—An exceptionally attractive value in French Pongee Silk, suitable for Fancy Dresses, Lamp Shades, &c. In Pink, Rose, Copper, Emerald, Red, Cerise, Old Gold, &c. 36in. wide. To-day's value 2/11 the yard.

SALE PRICE 2/6

RICH VELVET.—A limited quantity of rich, beautifully-finished Millinery Velvet, in Emerald, Navy, Moss, Paon, Bottle, Saxe, and Helio. To-day's value 4/11 1/2 the yard.

SALE PRICE 4/11 1/2

SATIN MOUSSELINE.—In Jade, Emerald, Grey, Mole, Brown, Navy, Champagne and Ivory. To-day's value 12/11 per yard.

SALE PRICE 8/6

UNDERSKIRT BARGAINS.

Satin Italian Cloth Underskirts: Cerise, Grey, Pink, Sky, Saxe, Mole, Navy, Emerald, Amethyst, Ivory, Black. Perfectly cut and finished. To-day's value 10/11 the pair.

SALE PRICE 10/-

Strong Tartan Moirette Underskirts, well cut and in dark green tartan. Actual value 5/11. To-day's value 5/11.

SALE PRICE 5/11

Smart Silk finish Moire Poplin Underskirts in Grey, Bottle, Amethyst, Brown, Navy, and Black. To-day's value 10/11 the pair.

SALE PRICE 10/-

Exceptional offer of smart Black and White Check Moirette Underskirts. To-day's value 12/11 the pair.

SALE PRICE 8/11

Patterns Free. Full Satisfaction or Money Refunded.
Hundreds of Winter Coat Lengths and Remnants at Low Clearance Prices.
G. COZENS & CO., LD., MARBLE ARCH, W.2
(Corner of Edgware Road and Seymour Street).

Stop the waste! Why pay 3^d. each for Egg shells?

THAT is what you waste when you buy Eggs with their shells instead of Cook's Eggs without their shells.

Cook's Farm Eggs are the finest New-Laid Eggs, from which only the shell and moisture have been removed.

COOK'S FARM EGGS

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Your Grocer will tell you the great demand for Cook's Farm Eggs is owing to ladies throughout the United Kingdom telling their friends about the delicious breakfast dishes—Scrambled Eggs, Omelettes, etc.—they make, and

THE MONEY THEY SAVE!

On sale everywhere.

WHOLESALE ONLY from Donald Cook & Son, Ltd.,
35-37, Bernandsey Street, London, S.E.1.

NERVOUSNESS. BASHFUL FOLK.

Are you one of those unfortunate people afflicted with self-consciousness. If you are nervous, if you blush and feel awkward and ill-at-ease when addressed by strangers, then your Nervous System needs to be strengthened and controlled. My simple, convenient and private home method will restore your mental vigour, give you nerve power, a cheery self-confidence, and thus brighten your whole outlook on the future. My System is Guaranteed to cure you permanently of Blushing, Timidity, Nerve and Heart Weakness, Insomnia, etc. Write to-day for full particulars free if you mention "Daily Mirror."—Specialist, 12, All Saints-road, St. Ann's-on-Sea.

DRESS.
A SMARTLY Tailored Costume made from your own material in 14 days from 55s.; any design copied; call or write; Fashion Book and measurement form post free—Gascoigne and Co., Ladies' Tailors, 267, High Holborn.
LACE.—Large parcels, 2s. 6d. 4s. 6d.; case ladies' hanks.
R. free—F. Waddle, 36, Heathcote-st., Nottingham.
REAL Navy Serge, as supp. to H.M. Navy; patterns Portico.
START Your Trouseaux—French Convent Handmade Lingerie, in Sets or single garments; Trouseaux and Layettes; Camisoles, etc.; from 5s. 11d.; send 3 stamps for Catalogue—Caroline, Ltd., 24, New Bond-st., London, W. 1.

DANCING.
PIC ODANCES Piccadilly Hotel.—Erg. dress or uniform; 21s. 5s. 7s. 6d. 10s. 12s. 15s. 18s. 21s. 24s. 27s. 30s. 33s. 36s. 39s. 42s. 45s. 48s. 51s. 54s. 57s. 60s. 63s. 66s. 69s. 72s. 75s. 78s. 81s. 84s. 87s. 90s. 93s. 96s. 99s. 102s. 105s. 108s. 111s. 114s. 117s. 120s. 123s. 126s. 129s. 132s. 135s. 138s. 141s. 144s. 147s. 150s. 153s. 156s. 159s. 162s. 165s. 168s. 171s. 174s. 177s. 180s. 183s. 186s. 189s. 192s. 195s. 198s. 201s. 204s. 207s. 210s. 213s. 216s. 219s. 222s. 225s. 228s. 231s. 234s. 237s. 240s. 243s. 246s. 249s. 252s. 255s. 258s. 261s. 264s. 267s. 270s. 273s. 276s. 279s. 282s. 285s. 288s. 291s. 294s. 297s. 300s. 303s. 306s. 309s. 312s. 315s. 318s. 321s. 324s. 327s. 330s. 333s. 336s. 339s. 342s. 345s. 348s. 351s. 354s. 357s. 360s. 363s. 366s. 369s. 372s. 375s. 378s. 381s. 384s. 387s. 390s. 393s. 396s. 399s. 402s. 405s. 408s. 411s. 414s. 417s. 420s. 423s. 426s. 429s. 432s. 435s. 438s. 441s. 444s. 447s. 450s. 453s. 456s. 459s. 462s. 465s. 468s. 471s. 474s. 477s. 480s. 483s. 486s. 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3132s. 3135s. 3138s. 3141s. 3144s. 3147s. 3150s. 3153s. 3156s. 3159s. 3162s. 3165s. 3168s. 3171s. 3174s. 3177s. 3180s. 3183s. 3186s. 3189s. 3192s. 3195s. 3198s. 3201s. 3204s. 3207s. 3210s. 3213s. 3216s. 3219s. 3222s. 3225s. 3228s. 3231s. 3234s. 3237s. 3240s. 3243s. 3246s. 3249s. 3252s. 3255s. 3258s. 3261s. 3264s. 3267s. 3270s. 3273s. 3276s. 3279s. 3282s. 3285s. 3288s. 3291s. 3294s. 3297s. 3300s. 3303s. 3306s. 3309s. 3312s. 3315s. 3318s. 3321s. 3324s. 3327s. 3330s. 3333s. 3336s. 3339s. 3342s. 3345s. 3348s. 3351s. 3354s. 3357s. 3360s. 3363s. 3366s. 3369s. 3372s. 3375s. 3378s. 3381s. 3384s. 3387s. 3390s. 3393s. 3396s. 3399s. 3402s. 3405s. 3408s. 3411s. 3414s. 3417s. 3420s. 3423s. 3426s. 3429s. 3432s. 3435s. 3438s. 3441s. 3444s. 3447s. 3450s. 3453s. 3456s. 3459s. 3462s. 3465s. 3468s. 3471s. 3474s. 3477s. 3480s. 3483s. 3486s. 3489s. 3492s. 3495s. 3498s. 3501s. 3504s. 3507s. 3510s. 3513s. 3516s. 3519s. 3522s. 3525s. 3528s. 3531s. 3534s. 3537s. 3540s. 3543s. 3546s. 3549s. 3552s. 3555s. 3558s. 3561s. 3564s. 3567s. 3570s. 3573s. 3576s. 3579s. 3582s. 3585s. 3588s. 3591s. 3594s. 3597s. 3600s. 3603s. 3606s. 3609s. 3612s. 3615s. 3618s. 3621s. 3624s. 3627s. 3630s. 3633s. 3636s. 3639s. 3642s. 3645s. 3648s. 3651s. 3654s. 3657s. 3660s. 3663s. 3666s. 3669s. 3672s. 3675s. 3678s. 3681



LITTLE FOLKS' FASHION FAIR.



He can play at being a railway guard quite successfully if he wears a dull green knitted suit piped with scarlet.

CHERRY coloured accordion-pleated ninnon was the material of the gown of a fairy-like little maiden who danced and romped enthusiastically at a children's party the other evening. A high waisted bodice of folded satin ribbon to match finished the tiny crossover bodice part just below the armpits.

AMETHYST VELVETEEN

made little Miss Seven-Year-Old very proud of her pretty frock when she went visiting with her mother. A round-shaped collar of silk of a paler hue and a wide sash-belt threaded through slots placed above the waistline made the little garment quite distinctive.

YELLOW LEATHER

belt, cuffs and collar of soft texture made a charming finish to the little jumper suit of dull green serge in which a small boy is to make his first appearance at school when the new term commences.

LEMON COLOURED

duvetyon cuffs and a deep roll collar to match made smart the navy velveteen coat of a pretty thirteen-year-old girl. A narrow black patent leather belt girdled her waist, and her round-shaped velveteen toque was trimmed with lemon coloured bows.

BANDS OF ERMINE

made smart the small barrel-shaped party cloak of jade velvet lined with champagne coloured chiffon, which quite covered up the party frock of little Miss Three-Year-Old the other afternoon.



Blue serge with champagne-coloured embroidery makes a useful little frock.

MARJORIE.

PARTY GAMES.

OF course, the children's party season is not nearly over yet, is it? Perhaps you will find the following games useful to your party, if you are lucky enough to be giving one.

My boisterous young friends tell me that "musical chairs" is quite out of fashion now. Instead, they play "musical bumps"—the idea is just the same, but, instead of sitting on chairs directly the music stops, the players "bump" on to a ring of soft cushions arranged on the floor.

You must get uncle to try this, but you will have to keep a strict eye on him, so that he doesn't try to sit down while the music is still playing.

After this you will want a nice quiet game for a change. I suggest "minister's cat." Have you ever played it?

You must all sit round in a ring, and each in turn has to say the sentence, "The minister's cat is an (adjective) cat."

In the first round the adjective must begin with the letter "a," in the next with "b," and

a thrilling new adventure story, "Lost in the Jungle," begins in to-morrow's "Children's Mirror." It is packed with exciting incidents and describes how two boys hunted Central Africa in search of big game. Tell all your friends about it.

so on. Of course, no two people may use the same word, and you should let the younger ones of the party start first, so that they have a fair chance.

Sounds easy enough, doesn't it? But just wait till you get to some of the letters—o, q, x or z, for instance. Even the grown-ups, especially if they are at the end of the ring, will have to puzzle their brains to think of a word.

Every time a player fails to supply a word beginning with the letter required he has to pay a forfeit. You can stop the game whenever you like, and the one who has paid the least forfeits is the winner.

Of course, you all know how to play the old favourites—blind man's buff, postman's knock, etc.—so I need not explain them. A. C.

A Hint for Housewives

BY MONSIEUR A. ESCOFFIER,
the world-famous Chef.

Here is a secret for you housewives. You need not tell your husbands. It isn't necessary, but it is worth knowing.

When you've served up cold meat until you really haven't the heart to inflict it upon your long-suffering husband again, and you are at your wits' end to know what to give him for dinner, get a bottle of Escoffier Sauce Robert and serve it up with the cold meat, and a potato salad made with a teaspoonful of Sauce Derby mixed with the ordinary seasoning of oil and vinegar. The result will be as appetising a dish as you could wish for, and your husband will hardly recognise that he is still eating the Sunday joint!

The Sauce Robert has a delicious tomato flavour that gives a relish to cold meats, or it may be served warm with hot meats, gravies, stews, etc. The Derby Sauce has a more spicy flavour, and is equally suitable for hot or cold meats, and for potato or vegetable salads.

For fish, there is Escoffier Sauce Diable, which is specially created for serving with grilled sole and for other fried or grilled fish. It is an ideal fish sauce, and is used extensively at the Carlton and all the leading West End Hotels and Clubs. A tablespoonful warmed and poured over the fish, with an equal quantity of melted butter or margarine, is really delicious.

Finally, to complete a most appetising dinner, just one tablespoonful of Escoffier Sauce Melba—which has the flavour of old-fashioned, well-matured raspberry wine—is essential, and when poured over ordinary boiled rice, the result is, as nice a dinner as the most fastidious epicure would desire, and all attained with little or no trouble and expense.

This Escoffier Sauce hint has helped many a housewife in solving the problem of what to get for dinner.

Escoffier Sauces are obtainable at Shops and Stores everywhere. If any difficulty arises, write to Escoffier Ltd., 6 Ridgmount St., London, W.C.

THE HOUSE THAT IS NOTED
FOR VALUE AND COURTESY.

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Drapers, Milliners, Costumiers &c.
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SALE

COMMENCES
MONDAY NEXT, Jan. 5,
FOR TWO WEEKS!

SPECIAL BARGAINS:
Shadow Striped Armure for Gowns, in Roseda and Bottle Green shades only. 30in. wide. Usual price 4/11. Sale price 1/11 1/2.
Smart Morning Blouses in Delainette in light and dark colourings. 30in. wide. Usual price 3/11 1/2. Sale price 3/11 1/2.
Postage 3d. extra. **REMNANTS EACH FRIDAY**

Cuticura Will Help Clear
Pimples and Dandruff



The Soap to Cleanse
The Ointment to Heal

Don't wait to have pimples and blemishes, redness and roughness, dandruff and itching. Prevent them by making this wonderful skin-clearing complexion soap your everyday toilet soap, assisted by touches of Cuticura Ointment to the first signs of little skin and scalp troubles.
Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. For thirty-two page skin booklet address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse St., London. Also for mail or ers with price. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Harrods ONE WEEK



BEGINS MONDAY

It is not only the astonishing variety of Choice, it is the dependable Quality that Harrods Great Sale offers that makes it the Genuine Money-Saving Opportunity it is. This trustworthy QUALITY is nowhere more exemplified than in Harrods Fabrics.

SEND FOR THE SALE BOOK

FINE SILKS

Nothing short of actual inspection of these delightful textures can convey a true sense of their supreme Value. Send for patterns.
SCHAPPE JAP—800 yards only of this dull Japanese Silk. Rich quality, wears well, and washes splendidly. In various shades of Pink only. Width 20in. Usually 5/11 per yard. **4/9**
SPIN TWILL SILK—A strong and durable silk, specially recommended for Blouses and Petticoats. Of British manufacture. Width 30in. In ivory only. Usually 5/11 per yard. **4/11 1/2**
Also in a heavier quality. Usually 5/11 per yard. **Harrods Sale**
BLACK SATIN MOUSSELINE—500 yards only. Rich quality. Width 40in. Usually 8/11 per yard. **8/11**
Also a superb quality for Evening Gowns, etc. Width 40in. Usually 1/2 per yard. **Harrods Sale**
SCHAPPE CREPE-DE-CHINE—750 yards only. A heavy Crepe, with rich dull finish, for Blouses or Linings. Excellent in wash and wear. In Pink and Flesh shades only. Width 30in. Usually 10/9 per yard. **9/6**
Send for FREE PATTERNS

DRESS FABRICS

Bargains greater in number and more remarkable than ever will be offered in the Dress Goods Section during the week beginning Monday next. Send for Patterns to-day, and as quantities are in some cases limited, send an alternative choice when ordering.
VELVETENS—Special clearance of Chiffon Velveteen. Being unable to place orders for this particular quality for Autumn, 1919, we have decided to clear the remaining stock, regardless of cost. 22in. wide. Usually 4/6 per yard. **3/9**
BLACK GABARDINE—All-Wool Fine Twill Gabardine, thoroughly reliable, and suitable for Suits or Coat-Trocks. 60ins. wide. Usually 14/6 per yard. **10/9**
NAVY COATING SERGE—Ten yards only of Fine Bradford Coating, especially soft finish; suitable for house-dresses and children's school frocks. Width 40in. Usual price 1/1 per yard. **5/6**
MOORLAND TWEED—Excellent quality all-wool Tweed woven in harmonious two-or three-colour effects of plain Twills and stripes. Bright attractive tones introduced, including Green, Brown and Grey. Width 54in. Usually 9/11 and 10/9 per yard. **7/11**
TRICO PANAMA—This splendid Cheviot Wool material, resembles Stockinette. For ladies and children's suits and coats. In Nattier, Electric, Gentlemen, Even, Tan, Brown, Purple, Grey & Dark Emerald. Width 50in. Usually 9/11 per yard. **7/11**
Send for FREE PATTERNS

WASH FABRICS

Superb Bargains are available in this Section, and our Free Pattern ranges reveal a wealth of attractive weaves, designs and colourings. Send for patterns to-day.
SUPERFINE MADAROLAN—7500 yards only. Soft finish. Thoroughly shrunken. Width 40ins. Per yard. **1/9 1/2**
Per dozen yards, 21s.
SUPER CEYLON—In neat striped designs on white or coloured grounds. Also in new and especially smart designs for pyjamas. A beautifully soft-finished fabric for day and night attire. Thoroughly shrunken. Width 39ins. Usually 2/1 per yard. **2/2**
UNION SHIRTING—Heavy quality Hard-wearing material: smart designs on useful dark backgrounds. Excellent for day shirts. Width 20 inches. **2/9**
ALL WOOL SHIRTING FLANNEL—In smart and exclusive designs. For day or night wear. Thoroughly shrunken. Width 20 inches. **4/6**
Send for FREE PATTERNS

REMNANT DAY FRIDAY JANUARY 9
HARRODS Ltd LONDON SW1



UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

Daily Mirror Office, Jan. 1.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—
I feel very "yawny" this morning.

Oh, dear, these late nights, these constant celebrations! Resolved—that there is some virtue after all in the old saying, "Early to bed," etc. Well, of course, we saw the old year out and the new year in. Just as the church bells began to clash out, following that solemn midnight hush, we tried to fire a rocket, but the silly thing was damp—it just wobbled up to the roof and

stopped there!
My pets are models of goodness to-day. They came down to breakfast with smiling faces; they were tremendously polite, and were very busy bringing my shoes and morning paper. "Is there anything we can do to-day, uncle?" said Squeak. "Clean the knives, weed the garden, polish the bath-taps or dust the pictures?"
Alas! I'm afraid such wonderful goodness will not last very long! Look out for to-morrow's new adventure story.

Yours affectionately
Uncle Dick.

LAST OF THE XMAS TURKEY: "WISHING-BONE'S" FATE.



Since Christmas Day we have had turkey in various forms—roast, minced, curried, hashed, etc.—and the joke of the thing is that the cat got the "wishing-bone" (Squeak's coveted possession), after all.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY
M. AYRES

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, has promised to marry **JEFFERY STAFFORD**, a strong, determined man, to whom **LAURIE ROSS**, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations. **ALLISON LEE**, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford. After the wedding of Stafford and Meg, the former hands over to his bride Laurie's villa. Without looking at them, Meg throws the package into the fire. "That," says Stafford, "is the kindest thing you could have done for me."

THE LEGACY.

I FELT a most unwilling pity for Jeffery Stafford when he spoke in that humble sort of way. I realised for the first time that I was not making any better a bargain than I was by our marriage—no, so good, in fact, seeing that I had procured my brother's safety and a wealthy future besides, whereas he had only got me!

I was glad when Laurie and Mrs. Stafford came into the room. Their presence seemed to break the awkwardness a little, and the time passed almost quickly until Jeffery said:—

"You ought to be changing your frock, Meg. We shall have to go directly."

I put down the glass of champagne which Laurie had insisted on my trying to drink with a little shiver. I knew that Mrs. Stafford was watching me with unsympathetic eyes, and I held my head high as I walked out of the room and slowly upstairs.

What a wedding! Nobody to wish me good luck; nobody to care if I was happy or utterly wretched, not even a telegram of congratulation. One of the maid-servants in my room to help me change. Her eyes were kind as they met mine, but she did not say a word till I had discarded my grey frock and got into my travelling costume, then she said:—

"I miss—my dear—mean—I do hope that you'll be happy—very happy!"

A little lump rose in my throat. "Thank you. I hope so, too," I faltered. I was afraid every minute that I should break down and so disgrace myself for ever.

I dismissed her hurriedly and shut and locked the door. I knew that I must have a few moments to myself—a few moments in which to pull myself together before I went down again to Jeffery.

I tried to think of him as my husband, but it seemed absurd. A man I had always disliked; a man of whom I had said many hard things; and now I was wearing his ring! I was his wife!

It was then that I saw two letters lying on the dressing-table, where I suppose they had been placed for me to see when we came back from church.

They had both come by post, and my heart gave a little thrill as I saw that the top one was from Mrs. Fryer.

"My dear Meg,—I have heard quite by chance that you are to be married to Jeffery. If this is so, I feel that I cannot let you go without telling you how much I hope for your happiness, my dear, and how earnestly my thoughts will be with you. I would have come to see you, but thought you would be away—With, every good wish, yours always affectionately,

"Georgina Fryer."

The tears sprang unbidden to my eyes. "It was something in the midst of all my loneliness to know that she had not forgotten me. Mrs. Fryer was much older than I. Her daughter Lillah was nearly my age, and yet it had always been with the mother that I had been friendly, and it was that that I had loved best. I liked her better than any woman I knew."

I laid her letter down and took up the other. It was addressed in a writing unknown to me, and I opened it disinterestedly and glanced at the signature. Then I caught my breath with a little rough sound of pain, for it was from Anthony's father.

"Dear Miss Ross,—I very much regret that you were not able to see me when I called yesterday, and hope you will allow me the pleasure of making your acquaintance at some future date. In the meantime, I am writing to tell you the chief object of my visit. My son Anthony often spoke to me about you, and though he never said so in so many words, I know it was the greatest wish of his heart that you should be his wife. I should have come to see you sooner, but for the terrible shock of his death."

I am an old man, and he was my only son. Yesterday, when I was going through some of his papers I came across a will, duly signed and properly executed, in which he leaves everything of which he dies possessed to you. I cannot, of course, estimate the sum exactly, but I believe it runs, roughly, to about £14,000. I am only too glad to pay this over to you, as it was my boy's wish. Will you kindly let me know in what manner you wish to receive it? Perhaps you could lunch with me some day and talk things over.—Yours very truly,

Barrington Willard."

I read the letter through twice before it conveyed the slightest sense to me, and then I fell from my nerveless fingers. Fourteen thousand pounds! It was not a great fortune, it is true, but it was far more than I had ever dreamed that Anthony possessed, nearly as much as the capital sum which Laurie and I had so recklessly dissipated during the past four years.

Fourteen thousand pounds! And left to me! I sat down on the side of the bed and shut my eyes.

Fourteen thousand pounds! Little enough to Jeffery Stafford, I supposed; little enough to . . . and then I gave a sharp cry. It was enough—more than enough to pay everything that Laurie owed to him; more than enough to redeem those

terrible bills and save our honour. If only it had come a day sooner.

Then I remembered my refusal to see Mr. Willard yesterday—my own selfish shrinking from further pain, and I realised once again all I had lost by just those few hours.

If I had seen him then I should have known about the money before my marriage. If I had seen him then I need never have gone to church with Jeffery Stafford this morning—I need never have worn the ring that seemed to cut into my flesh now as I sat looking at it with burning eyes. I should still have been Meg Ross, still have belonged to myself.

"A GREAT ORDEAL."

LAURIE came tapping at the door. "Meg, the car is waiting. Come along."

I did not answer, and he tapped again impatiently. "Meg—Meg . . ."

I got up then and opened the door. Laurie caught me by the shoulders. "Has he given them to you—my bills—those cursed papers?"

"They're burnt—all of them. He gave them to me when we got back from church, and I burnt them myself . . ." I answered him.

"Has he given them to you—my bills—those cursed papers?"

"They're burnt—all of them. He gave them to me when we got back from church, and I burnt them myself . . ." I answered him.

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"They're burnt—all of them. He gave them to me when we got back from church, and I burnt them myself . . ." I answered him.

wondered what on earth we were going to do with ourselves for the rest of the day. If it came to that, I wondered what on earth I was going to do with myself for the rest of my life.

I heard Jeffery ordering lunch, as I went up in the lift to our rooms.

It was a sumptuous hotel, and our rooms were on the first floor and magnificent.

A very smart chambermaid came and began to unpack my luggage, and I took off my coat and looked round me with a feeling of desperate loneliness.

Fourteen thousand pounds! The words from Mr. Willard's letter floated into my mind.

If I had only had that letter before I went to church. I dared not think of Anthony, but I just wondered if he could see me now, in my fright and loneliness, and if he were sorry for me.

I went down to lunch—a dreadful, silent lunch, during which neither of us could think of anything to say.

I was sorry for Jeffery, more sorry for myself. The desultory attempts we both made at conversation were pitiful. We were both relieved, I know, when it was ended.

"What would you like to do this afternoon?" he asked me then.

"I shook my head. 'I don't care. Don't bother about me; you have any business engagements or anything. I shall be quite all right.'"

The faintest smile crossed his face. "Does a man, as a rule, make business engagements on his wedding day?" he asked.

I felt myself flushing. "Ours isn't an ordinary wedding," I said, sharply, and all the time in my mind the thought was echoing again and again.

"I can't live with him . . . I can't."

He had taken up a paper and was bending over one of its columns, and I looked at him with critical eyes.

An ugly man, I had often called him, and yet I knew now that it was not the right word. He was too masculine, too strong to be ugly. To a woman who loved him as Allison did I could understand that there was something to admire, and be proud of in the strong lines of his face, the obstinate chin and steadiness of his grey eyes.

But to me! . . . I only feared and disliked him.

I had always felt vaguely unhappy in his presence. As I had told Allison the night of the ball, he always made me feel insignificant and useless, and that afternoon as I sat there—his wife—the feeling was upon me again, only a thousand times intensified.

Ours was a dreadful marriage! What possible hope of happiness could there be for either of us? And a sudden resolution rose in my heart. I would not live with him. I had kept my part

of the bargain and married him, and, surely, that was all that could be expected of me.

What would he say if I dared tell him my thoughts? I lowered my eyes quickly as he looked up for fear he should guess that I was thinking.

My heart was racing at my own daring, and yet—I know it was from that moment when I called to mind what was made up. I would not live with him.

When we left the table he followed me into the lounge.

"Would you like some coffee, Meg?"

"No, thank you."

"Would you care to go to a theatre?"

Poor man! he was doing his best. I suppose it was more uphill work for him than it was even for me.

"I hate theatres," I said. It was not true, but I was in the mood to hate everything he proposed.

He shrugged his shoulders slightly and was turning away when I called to him.

"I want to show you something—a letter I had this morning," I said.

We were alone in the lounge. Nearly everyone else was still at lunch, and he stood there by the fire and read Mr. Willard's letter through when I gave it to him.

I watched his face critically, but as it never changed at all I could not tell in the least what were his thoughts.

Then he folded the letter and handed it back to me without comment.

"Well?" I said sharply. "Haven't you got anything to say?"

His eyes met mine steadily.

"What do you wish me to say except that for your sake I am glad you have got this money—if you mean to accept it? But it makes no matter to me either way."

"I was stung to anger by his indifference. 'It makes all the difference—all the difference!'" I cried. "Can't you see that now I'm no longer dependent on you—that now I can pay my debts and all Laurie's debts—that we're no longer under any obligation to you?"

He had moved away from me, but now he turned round slowly, as if someone had taken him by the shoulders and compelled him, and his eyes burned as they met mine.

For a moment there was silence, then he said: "I suppose you have not forgotten that you are my wife—that we were married this morning!"

Another fine instalment will appear to-morrow.



Meg Ross.



Spreads like Butter
Nicer than Jam

Spring's LEMON CHEESE

The Children's Treat!



The Lincolnshire Butter-Preserve.

Price 1/6 Small
Size 5d.

Of all Leading Grocers and Stores.

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Luxe preparation. 2/- per glass.

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1920

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Call or post registered.

Daily Mirror

Friday, January 2, 1920.

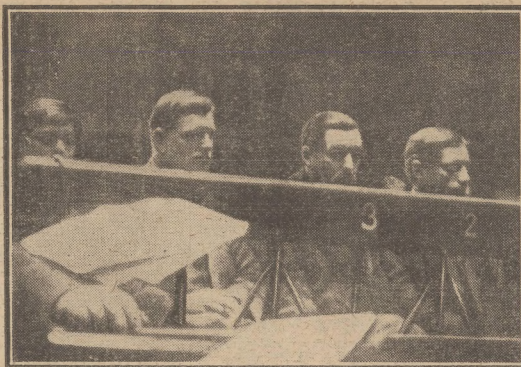
A WIDOW'S ROMANCE.



Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bradley leaving St. Mathias'.

The marriage of Mrs. Graydon Stannus to Mr. W. S. Bradley at St. Mathias', Earl's Court, yesterday, is a real romance. Sweethearts at school, the two drifted apart, and Mrs. Stannus married an Indian Army officer, who was killed in the war. Obligated to part with some old family treasures, Mrs. Stannus became a successful dealer. Now the lovers are reunited.

GANG OF MOTOR BANDITS CAPTURED RED-HANDED.



Left to right: Smith, Lambert, H. Thompson and W. Thompson, in the dock in connection with robbery at Messrs. Bass, Walker and Co.



Detective-Sergeant Hawkins, who captured the men red-handed.



Some specimens of Mrs. Graydon Stannus' collection of Irish glass.



BATTLEFIELD HOTELS.—M. Clavelle, the French Minister, who is introducing a bill to meet battlefields.



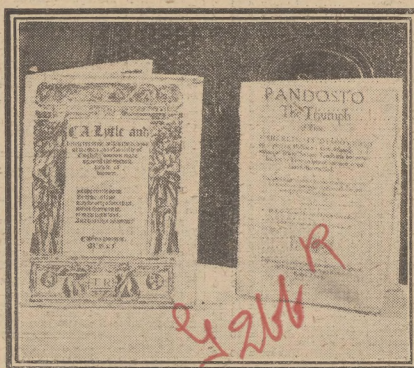
SCHOLARSHIP.—John H. Price, aged 20, a scholar, who has won a classical scholarship at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.



FAVOURITE'S GOOD-BYE.—Vesta Tilley (Lady de Frece), the well-known male impersonator, who will start on her farewell tour after assisting her husband in his electoral fight at Ashton-under-Lyne.



CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL.—St. Alfred Yeo, M.P., and Lady Yeo distributing gifts at the annual New Year carnival of about five thousand Bow, Bromley and Poplar children yesterday.



RARE BOOKS.—These two books are among a sixteenth-century library which Messrs. Sotheby are offering at auction shortly. They are reputed to be the only existing copies of their respective editions.



PARNELL'S CABBIE.—William Goodyer, aged seventy-three, who frequently drove the famous Irishman on his visits to Mrs. O'Shea at Eltham. After the Phoenix Park murders Parnell, he says, was very anxious.